The first time I went into business for myself, it was a different experience from working for someone. I remember the last job I had it wasn’t too bad, the pay was okay, they gave you lots of hours to work more than enough. In fact I spent more time on this job than I did at home. My hours were from 3 in the evening until 7 in the morning. When I got to work I would come in through big steel doors once they would open you would be hit with a cold frosty gush of air immediately sending chills all over your body.

Well it’s time to go to work I would say to myself as I slipped into my thermal suit .This warehouse was just a big freezer full of frozen foods that you would see in your local grocery stores. I had to ride around on a forklift and pick produce to be loaded on to those big rigs that you see on I95 and I91 the ones you hate to drive close to .But back on the clock the trucks never stop coming to the loading docks, one would leave loaded with goods, and another came empty ready for cargo the motion was like a yoyo hour after hour

Despite me feeling like a worker ant, but little did my supervisors and bosses know. I was tired of my job and was about to resign because I had plans. In the following weeks I quit, with my endeavors in full function. WOW! working for myself I remember the first few jobs I got, it started when I put a local ad in the news paper, then it turned into phone calls, house visits, then costumers gave me an opportunity to show my skills, then satisfying the customer and the ultimate goal getting paid more money in one hour of work, than forty hours on someone’s else’s job. The excitement I felt and the freedom I experience was incredible, therefore in the future I could never look at a 9 to 5 job the same.